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1918

Victory Verse

BY

MAY HARTLEY DeMONEY



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Victory Verse

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CHICAGO

1918

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Lovingly dedicated to the Brave Boys in Khaki and Blue
and to all who in the smallest degree
helped to win the Victory.

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OUR FLAG

HAIL, mighty flag of our Union!
The Stars and Stripes—Red, White and
Blue—

May it wave forever and ever
O'er the land of the brave and the true.

Raise it on high, "Old Glory";
Guard well, and keep as of old,
Let not an eye be lifted
That does not honor each fold.

Great glorious Emblem of Liberty,
Wave thy message o'er land and sea;
Tell to all Nations thy story
Of the beautiful land of the free.

MY COUNTRY CALLS

I HEAR my Country calling—
 She's calling you and me
Our hearts are all united
 And fixed on Liberty.
"Old Glory" waves the message
 Far over land and sea
The Union Forever—boys—
 And glorious Victory.

Farewell my Land of promise—
 Farewell dear Liberty;
Thy torch shall brighten all our paths
 And lead us Home to thee.
Dear God be Thine the Glory
Our faith looks up to Thee
Thy Starry Emblem glorified,
 Shall wave for Victory.

COMRADES

HELLO! old pal, and what are you in
And where do you go from here?
Oh, I'm in the Artillery
And you, my friend most dear?

I'm off for France next week, old pal
And I'll look for you "Over there,"
And we'll meet the boys who've been fighting
And give them a rousing cheer.

We'll say, "Hurrah for the Union"
"Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue"
"Hurrah for our mothers and sweethearts
Who are so fond and true.

And we'll show them, that right is might boys
And it won't be very long,
Till we come back home and sing aloud
A grand and glorious song.

To Him who watched and kept us
Each one of us day by day,
And brought us all back safely home
From out the dreadful fray.

We'll sing "Glory to God in the Highest"
"On Earth Peace, and Good Will to Men"
And we'll sing it over, and over, and over
And then, over and over again.

O'ER THE BOUNDING WAVES

YE ho, Lads, Ye ho Lads,
 We're sailing o'er the sea
Ye ho, lads, Ye ho lads
 To fight for Liberty.

What care we for hardships
 We know naught of fear
We're sailing o'er the briney deep
 To fight for home so dear.

So o'er the bounding waves we go
 We'll soon be "Over There"
To help them wave the Stars and Stripes
 Content to do and dare.

Farewell dear old United States
 In God we put our trust
We'll soon return Victorious
 For our cause we know is just.

We'll carry on across the sea
 We'll carry on for Liberty
And then sail home again to thee
 When we have gained the Victory.

"DADDY'S BOY"

MY Daddy has gone to be a Soldier
And fight for his Country and Flag,
And he left me to take care of Mother
And told me to be a brave lad.

So I'm not going to tease or be naughty
And I'm not going to cry any more,
But I'll be just like my Daddy wants me to be
And help mother all through the war.

My Daddy and I are partners
And Mother's his sweetheart you see,
And sweethearts must be protected
And Daddy has left that to me.

So I'll kiss her like Dad in the morning
And I'll hold her hand tight all the night,
And I'll buy sweet for-get-me-not flowers
And put in, "To My Dear Little Wife."

And I jest won't let her be lonesome
And I know God will answer my prayer,
To send my Daddy back home again
And keep him in His care.

AMERICA

"A MERICA," my Home land, the dear land
of the free,
The land our fathers fought for that we might
have Liberty,
We'll fight again, as they fought, until the
battle's won,
Then back again to "HOME SWEET HOME"
and U. S. A. we'll come.

Each Soldier waits the summons of the bugle's
welcome call,
Each one is ever ready for the fray,
We are marching on to Victory and we're
going to show old "Fritzie"
That for Freedom's cause we're fighting
every day.

So keep rallying 'round the Flag, the old Red,
White and Blue;
And soon again we'll cross the ocean's wave,
We'll bid good-bye to France and Britain
So jest put up all your knitting
And meet us when we land in U. S. A.

"SOLDIERS OF YESTERDAY"

BRAVE heroes of Yesterday,
Do you think we will ever forget
Your wondrous deeds of valor
And your courage while we slept?

Soldier boys of the days gone by
Who fought the bitter fight
That today we might have freedom
From a reigning King of might.

We'll fight again as you fought—
And God grant that we may win
As you did in the long ago,
And crush this greed-crazed King.

Our boys have crossed the water,
The ocean great and wide,
To stand by England, Italy, France,
And now fight side by side.

Could you raise your heroic heads
And view the battle fields,
You'd be proud and greatly honored
At their courage and their zeal.

Brave heroes of the Civil War,
You lads of the Blue and the Gray,
Who fought with Lincoln, Grant and Lee,
We honor you today.

We have faith that your courage and valor
Runs high in your sons' veins,
And they'll return victorious
And "Peace on Earth" shall reign.

So here's to the heroes of long ago,
Here's to the Blue and the Gray,
Here's to our Flag—Red, White and Blue—
And the boys who are fighting today.

"OVER THE TOP"

"OVER the Top," boys, over the top,
Over the top you go,—
Over into "No Man's Land"
To fight the bitter foe.

Strike for home and Country, lads—
God's with you, do not fear,
Keep to your guns and conquer the "Huns"
And show them how to cheer.

Fight like men and Soldiers
And when the conflict's o'er
You'll not be ashamed of the Victory you
gained
In this ruthless, terrible War.

Then forward, upward and onward,
Over hill and glen,
The bravest, and noblest, of heroes—
The glorified of men.

"GOD WATCH O'ER OUR BOYS"

EACH evening at the close of day
When the twilight shadows fall
Methinks I hear you whispering dear
Methinks I hear you call.
And o'er me comes a stealing
A blessed sweet repose,
My thoughts are wafted to you dear
As my eyelids gently close.

Oh, God of love who watcheth
The smallest sparrow fall
Will Thou watch very tenderly
O'er our lads, one and all,
Comfort and help and guide them
All through the live long day
And send them home Victorious
To Thee we pray.

The battle now is raging
Far o'er the deep blue sea—
And He who gave us Freedom
Will grant us Victory.
I know not when the day or hour
The message we'll receive
But this I know He'll answer prayers
If we in Him believe.

Each evening as the sun goes down,
I sit and dream of you
Each evening midst the quiet hours
My thoughts are fond and true.
Methinks I hear you whisper
Once more as down the lane
Be brave and watch and pray my dear
Till I come home again.

MOTHERS LETTER

DEAREST mother I am writing,
Just a line or two tonight
Telling you that I am happy
And I'm feeling quite alright.

Twinkling stars are up above me
And the silvery moon beams bright
God is watching over all dear
Answering your prayer tonight.

All the boys are gathered round me
Sitting in the camp fire's glow
Telling tales of love's devotion
Singing songs of long ago.

How I wish that they might know you
Mother mine, so kind and dear—
I can hear your soft voice praying,
For the lads way over here.

We are hoping, and are trusting,
That all will not be in vain,
And we'll live to tell the story
How we fought with might and main.

"THE CALL OF THE CROSS"

HARK, to the call of the great Red Cross,
To its message from over the sea,
From the brave, dear, wounded laddies
Who are fighting for you and for me.

Lis't to the cry of the children
As the echo reaches our shores
From far off France and Belgium;
Oh! give, from your bounteous store.

This blood Red Cross of our nation
Helps to succor, comfort, and guide
The dear lads who might perish
Without courage and strength to abide.

Give as you value your Freedom;
Give as the widow her mite;
Give as you'd be given unto;
Give for justice and the right.

Wait not until tomorrow—
For tomorrow may never come
To some of our loved ones "Over There"
Who are stricken now by the "Hun."

The great Red Cross like a Shepherd
Watches over the "Ninety and Nine"
And God in His infinite wisdom
In their hearts hath love enshrined.

So Help them I pray with their labors;
Oh! let them not plead in vain,
And our lads shall return, Victorious—
And—Peace on Earth—again reign.

THE NURSE

IF I had the wings of a dove I would fly
Far over the restless sea—
To a brave dear soldier laddie
Who is watching and longing for me.

I'd fly straight to the side of some laddie
And there content would I be
To wait and watch, and hope, and pray,—
Till we gained the Victory.

I'd hover round the helpless ones—
I'd go hand in hand through the fray
And minister oh, so tenderly,
At the close of each long day.

Dear lads, our hearts are yearning
Though our lips smile and seem gay—
Our fervent prayers are constant
For Peace each night and day.

"THE CONQUERORS"

OH Belgium, brave midst all thy ruins,
In this thy sad and darkest hour
Thy head bowed down, thy arms outstretched
And stripped of all thy power.

Cling on, brave Belgium, to thy Flag!
With hope and strength renewed
Once more thou wilt rebuild thy walls
And shall the foe subdue.

Fair Italy upon thy heights
Stand firm steadfast and unafraid!
Thy warriors bold shall thrust the foe
Back over mountain peaks and glade.

And Thou, oh France, thy ancient walls
Are pierced with vengeful shot and shell,
Thy rivers flow with precious blood
Of patriots who fought and fell.

Revered France, still undismayed,
Though thousands lie in Flanders field
Press to thy heart thy Emblem dear;
"They shall not pass," beyond thy steel.

Old England, from thy well loved land,
Battling in France for justice dear,
Oblivious to all shot and shell
With courage grim from year to year.

Fight on, loved England as of old—
Fight on, and conquer ye the foe;
Fight on, till victory and peace
Thy trumpets loud shall blow.

America, dear old freedom's land
With glorious banner lifted high,
Thy Stars and Stripes undaunted wave
Against a clear and cloudless sky.

Thou too, hast left thy peaceful homes
And sailed away across the sea,
To fight for peace and loved ones dear,
And carry on to Victory.

Great God of Love, who keepeth watch—
To Thee, who gave us—Liberty—
We'll follow each Thy guiding star
To lasting Peace, and—Victory—

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

THERE'S a quaint little house on the hillside
Nestled close to a wee babbling brook;
There lives my little sweetheart wife
Sheltered quietly in that cozy nook.
I left at the call of the colors,
To follow the Red White and Blue—
And her look of sweet devotion,
Told me, that she loved me true.

There's a light in our little window
To brighten my pathway home—
There's a little blue star just beneath it,
To tell folks that I've gone.
There's a dear wee wifie waiting
Near a cradle full of love;
And a loving tender Father
Watching all from the skies above.

"IT'S UP TO YOU"

OUT where the souls of men are called,
There's a message for you and me,
From your boy, my boy, our boys—
To help win the Victory—

They have faith, and believe in our promise—
That we're back of them every one.
Let's hurry and answer their earnest call
And each buy a Liberty Bond—

A helping hand we must lend them
They have need of both you and me,
Each one must do his very best
To win the Victory—

So just buy a Bond to help our boys
The dear lads far over the sea
Who are fighting for your Freedom
And the cause of Liberty—

They left their homes and firesides—
And have sacrificed their lives
Surely you can give up something
So that Kings shall not deride.

Go ask your neighbor and your friends
Leave not a stone unturned
Our Flag—now waves o'er land and sea—
And must ever be unfurled—

Come! hear the call for Liberty!
A Bond you'll buy to win—
A Bond, to stamp out bondage
And stop the battles din—

Remember it is up to **you**
We are Soldiers every one
With **your** help we'll be Victorious
And God will say—"Well done"—

IF WE BUT KNEW

IF I but knew, before you went away
That I would miss you so from day to day,
If I but knew the birds would cease their song
The sun, forget to shine the whole day long.

If I but knew that I would lonely be
When you had gone far, far away from me,
One little word you might have heard me say
To that sweet question old, but new always.

If you but knew, that ere you sailed away—
There came to me, the thought to bid you stay,
And then, I smiled, and waved a fond adieu,
My heart was aching, Ah! if you but knew.

If you but knew, my sweetly tender thoughts
You might have kissed me—caring, then for
naught—
Your hands clasped mine, in one last long
farewell,
Ah! then my heart a story had to tell.

If you come back to me and all is well,
If you are spared through wanton shot and
shell
The sweetest story ever told—you'll tell
again—
And I shall happy be—but not till then—

HELP WIN!

WE can't win the war by just hoping,
We all must help to a man
And keep dear "Old Glory" flying
Over this, our native land.

We can't win the war by just wishing,
Each one must be fair and square
And willing to sacrifice all he holds dear
For the soldier boys over there.

We know that you helped the Red Cross
And thank you for buying a Bond;
We pray you keep up the great, good work
And sing as you march along.

Now, how about the Thrift Stamps?
Have each of you bought your share
To help us win the Victory
And our boys to do and to dare?

Just smile as you reach in your pocket
To bring forth the pennies or bills,
And say, "Here's to the dear little Thrift
Stamps,"
And join the great throng with a will.

You will always be happy when after the war
You can say with pride and delight
That you freely gave in each great drive
For the cause that was just and right.

THE LITTLE PATRIOT

IF I jest had a slingshot—
Like Bill and all the rest,
I wouldn't shoot at all the birds
And chase them from their nests.

I'd go across the ocean—
Jest as fast as I could go,
And I'd shoot at all our enemies
And conquer the old foe.

I'd be the Standard bearer too,
And I'd wave and wave our Flag
Till they would jest go right back home,
An' make their mothers glad.

There's jest no use in fighting
When it makes us all so sad
Jesus said "To love each other"
An' Oh, I hope they'll spare my dad.

I wish they'd quit their fighting
So that Pop, and Bill, and Jim,
Could come back home again to us
And be like we've always been.

OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME

OUR boys are coming home with dear "Old
Glory"—

They'll soon be "Over Here" from far away
They fought for Liberty, and gained the Vic-
tory

Now back again they'll come in proud array.

With joyful hearts we'll meet our dearly loved
ones

With pride we'll greet them coming from
the fray

They fought for dear homeland each one as
man to man

Like their Daddies, when they wore the
Blue and Gray.

Their Granddaddies fought for Victory and
Freedom

With Washington they fought to set us free
They fought till they had won and the Liberty
Bell was rung

And the Stars and Stripes waved o'er the
land and sea.

They are marching over yonder from the bat-
tle

They are sturdy stanch and true and in the
right

They fought for you and me and this dear
land of the free

With our Starry Emblem guiding day and
night.

Once more we've gained sweet peace and
blessed Victory

Again we've fought the fight with courage
grim—

In God we put our trust for our cause we knew
was just.

And now again the Liberty Bell will ring.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

COME baby mine let's cuddle down,
And keep real snug and warm,
And let us dream of Daddy dear
And pray he's kept from harm.

Let's dream we're with him o'er the sea,—
Or that he is with us here.
Dear darling baby close your eyes
There's nothing now to fear.

Our Daddy's a great big Soldier,
So brave and kind and true,
And soon he'll come a sailing home,
To mother dear and you.

So close your eyes in slumber, dear,
The day is nearly done—
And let's forget all else but him,
Till the rising of the sun.

THANKSGIVING

THERE'S a thankful prayer in our hearts
to-day
For Victory, for Victory—
We thank Thee, oh God,—for Thy mercy
alway,
And for Victory for U. S. A.

The boys are returning Victorious
Singing so gleeful and glorious
There'll be grateful rejoicing for all of us
For Victory for U. S. A.

Over the vanquished our banner will fly
The Stars and Stripes shall wave through the
sky,
Thankful praises we offer to Thee most High
For Victory for U. S. A.

Many are left on that far foreign shore
They brought Victory, Yes, Victory—
Their names shall be glorified forevermore
They brought Victory to U. S. A.

Send forth the tidings o'er mountain and plain
Wave "Old Glory" o'er Freedoms domain—
The "Union forever"—Still is our aim
And—Peace—for U. S. A.

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"

FAR over yonder away o'er the sea—
Somewhere a laddie is thinking of me,
The twilight is ebbing the night shadows fall,
And God is watching over them all.

The same stars are twinkling, the same moon
beams shine,
Over the trenches and that dear laddie of mine,
Gathered around in the camp fires warm glow,
Proudly they're singing these words sweet and
low.

Oh, "There's no place like Home," and we're
coming back to thee,
Home again, yes Home again, we've gained the
Victory.
Home to father, mother, sweetheart, sister,
brother
Oh, "There's no place like Home" and our dear
Land of the free.

HOME AT LAST

OUR boys are sailing home again
From far across the sea
So keep your torches burning bright,
Until they greet old Liberty.

Hearts with true love ever yearning
Beats for them on their homeland shore,
Ready to welcome their joyful returning
Home at last forevermore.

With "Old Glory" proudly flying
Marching over field and fell
Our dear loved ones home returning,
Ring, oh ring the Liberty Bell.

There'll be greetings endless greetings,
Joyful greetings as they pass
And we'll welcome oh, so proudly
All our dear ones home at last.

Home at last our lads triumphant,
From the distant foreign shore—
Home at last in glorious splendor,
Safe within the fold once more.

Gather 'round the cheerful fireside!
Gather 'round just as of yore!
Sing aloud in grateful praises!
Home at last forevermore.

Let it ring across the mountains—
And across the ocean foam,
Our great glad song of Triumph
With sweet Peace once more at Home.

"FIELDS OF VICTORY"

FAR over the fields of—Victory
The poppies are nodding today
Watching the silent sleepers,
The Heroes who fell in the fray.

The birdies warble so sweetly
Chanting their peaceful lay—
Telling each soldier while he sleeps
Of the joyous Victory day.

Ah, rest in your peaceful slumbers!
You fell, but not in vain,
Your valiant deeds of courage
Are felt o'er mountain and plain.

Sleep on! Ye men of all nations!
Aye, sleep neath God's glorious sun!
Your names are emblazoned forever
On God's Honor Roll—"Well Done."





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